

FINE TOGS TO WEAR

Frocks Worn in Newport in Early August.

CONSPICUOUS SUMMER FADS

Dresses Seen on the Polo Grounds, on Yachting and Along the Bathing Beach.

Shall I detail to you some of Newport's most notable toilettes to date this season? There is a temptation to begin with stockings, for scarlet and crimson hosiery brighten the beaches and the piazzas much as a flaming leaf will shine out, when you're least looking for it, in the middle of a summer bush in July.

When a bit of a girl in white thrusts a patent leather slipper out of her hand-mock and discloses, in the act of getting herself out to follow, the slipper, some inches of brilliant red silk ankle, the Mephistophelean display is altogether



A DESIGN FOR EVENING.

Innocent, the connection with his Santic majesty being no closer than the faintest suggestion from headquarters of summer flirtation and havoc with the hearts of foolish men.

The effect is quite as well worth producing, perhaps, when the stockings remaining unchanged, the frock is a pale pink or blue batiste or a creamy yellow lawn. There was a girl on the bathing beach one morning lately at whom we all looked as though we had seen and never again were likely to see a pretty young woman. She looked like a Cuban, with a warm rosy flush under her clear olive skin, and she wore a dress of cream linen, with a mass of large puffed scarlet poppies drooping from her lagoon hat, a second huge bunch of them at her waist, and the vivid, happy color showing about her feet as the wind, which is no respecter of persons, seized the folds of her skirt and tossed them about in the effort to investigate her red Boston kid low shoes and her poppy red stockings. Her parasol was a great canopy of changeable poppy silk, with a deep flounce of black lace drooping.

At the last Casino hop there was a fluffy black net dancing frock that had taken to itself scarlet geraniums at the belt and scarlet slippers and stockings. But to return to the notions, that is to say, to our especially notable gown. Mrs. Ogden Mills is one of the women from whom one expects them. She brought a good many novel things from Europe when she came to Newport for the season, and among them is an opal-moire silk that is peculiarly attractive. It is arranged as a carriage costume with silver embroidery at the foot and long draperies of black lace in the back, which are caught up with ribbon sashes. A full front of the same lace falls from black velvet revers which are turned away from a deep V at the throat and overlaid with intricate silver traceries. Loops of iridescent opal ribbon gather the lace to the velvet and fall away on either side, meeting behind. Under the V is a chemise of ivory gauze, with a loosely arranged tie. The moire sleeves come just to the elbows, but deep folds of lace droop almost to the hand. A large flat hat of cream-colored straw



AN ECCENTRIC IDEA.

went with this glancing and twinkling frock as Mrs. Mills wore it recently. It was trimmed with opal ribbons and black plumes.

Another of the dresses Mrs. Mills has worn and which has attracted especial attention is a primrose tinted India silk, figured with scattered spikes of black flowers. A length of black velvet edged with yellow is arranged on the left side, while the right is caught up with black bows lined with yellow. The low bodice is cut in points across the bosom and bound with black; under it black fish net is draped and held on the shoulders with black velvet bands and bows. Two old laps of black velvet embroidered in yellow come down from the shoulders and lie across alongside the arms. There is a pointed collar of black velvet ribbon, and there are sleeves of fish net

OUR MAN OF STYLE

Pointers on How He Should Purchase a Harness.

COLLAR FOR LIGHT WAGONS

A Fashionable Brougham Harness and How It Should Be Adjusted.

The man of fashion has completely deserted the city. Central Park, the boulevard, Riverside drive, upper Seventh avenue, Lenox avenue—all wear a shabby air. The shrubbery is luxuriant enough and the sward is green enough, but the drives miss the gray vehicles, the magnificent trappings of the fashionable outfit which in season fairly electrify the vast throngs of pedestrians who are part and parcel of the wide avenues.

But Bar Harbor, where the Golets, the Vanderbilts, the Stewarts and the Blaines spend a good portion of the summer; Long Branch, with its great show of wealth; Saratoga, with its

regal splendor, and Newport, with its quiet magnificence, are gay and glorious, largely by reason of the equipages, rivaling in beauty and cost those of England's Brighton, those of the boulevards of Paris, of the great drives of Nice, Monaco or Ostend.

But it is not of the equipages alone that I want to write to-day, but of the trappings that go to make a really fashionable outfit. When Vice President Webb, of the New York Central, bought his famous hackneys in England a year or so ago he purchased a set of harness at a cost of \$800. There was nothing particularly beautiful about the outfit, for it would take a deal of chased silver and of finely-cut leather to make a hackney look pretty, but it was measured to fit the hackneys, it was prepared of the strongest and best material in the market, and there is not a jotting strap in the outfit.

A man of fashion will exercise the utmost care in the selection of everything about his driving outfit but the harness, and there he will accept appearances for facts, and ten to one his animals will suffer in consequence. For instance, there are fashionable features about a horse collar which should be noted in the selection. Beginning with the light road harness, the collar used is slender, bent well back at the top and finished with a small cap. The collar for a phaeton harness is much the same shape as that of the road harness, but heavier throughout and proportionately fuller at the top, with or without a cap. The coupe collar is less bent than those just referred to, and is fuller at the

throat as well as at the top. The English collar is the favorite for the coach harness. It is straight, quite wide at the top and made without a cap. I called on one of the best harness-makers in America a day or two ago and found him selling a brougham single harness to a coachman. This struck me as strange, for I did not think men of fashion allowed coachmen to purchase outfits for them. When the bargain had been concluded, the gentleman turned to me with the remark: "There goes the coachman for John Jacob Astor. He is the best judge of a harness in New York city, and he always bought for the late William Astor, as he does for Mrs. Astor, for the Draytons and the Roosevelts and now for John Jacob Astor."

When I asked the gentleman what there was peculiar about a brougham single harness, he remarked: "Nothing peculiar, exactly, but there are good and there are poor brougham harnesses. A good one should have a rather old style, a full-sized pad, traces fairly broad, and where a kicking strap is used—as it always should be with a mare—long breeching. Where breeching is really required to hold up a carriage the short is considered the most effective; but the general introduction of the brake has rendered breeching necessary only for backing. A tall horse in a full-sized brougham does not, as a rule, look well 'nailed

leather.' His stately proportions seem to harmonize well with a good deal of harness. In a miniature brougham the horse may be small if he carries his head well and the harness may be light. "Metal work on harness? Well, brass is really the fashionable thing. Of course, metal work may also be silver or covered. Brass to look well and wear well must be of the best quality and solid. And, by the way, it is harder to keep clean and bright than silver. Metal work covered with leather, except where there is friction, or janned black, may be relieved of its funeral aspect by a gray saddle cloth, colored rosettes and frontpiece to the bridle."

While there I was shown a beautiful gig harness, made in England, sewn four rows, with bridle bearing reins, Tibbury tugs and bracer reins, for a horse of fifteen hands. The reins are thirteen feet, a length that should never vary in gig harness.

I broached the question of blinders and check reins, and it evoked a great mass of argument and sentiment. There are people who believe both are necessary, and there are others who believe that both make an outfit look fashionable. "Really," said the gentleman to whom I was talking on the subject, "it is a custom, and a very poor custom, with most drivers should get out of us as soon as possible. A horse wants to see what is going on at his sides. I found that when I relieved my spirited bay of blinders he moved with more freedom and ease than before. Later I took off the check reins, and he is now surer on his feet, goes better up hill and down hill and on level ground than he did before. He arches his neck much more gracefully than he ever did with the check reins. The animal seems to enjoy the freedom of his head and the use of his eyes, is never frightened, and moves more rapidly and with more ease than ever. People who put blinders and check reins on carriage horses follow the same senseless custom. It is not necessary, it is not fashionable, it is not safe."

ALBERT EDWARD TYRRELL.
THE WRONG BARREL.
A Milkman Who Watered His Stock with Sea Water.
A certain London milkman used to water his milk every morning before starting on his rounds. But it happened one day that by some miracle the usual watering had been omitted, and therefore it seemed to the man quite a providential interposition in his favor when he found at the door of the first house at which he called, a note was a fine four-storied mansion in one of the fashionable squares—a huge case, strongly banded with iron and filled to the brim with water, the head having apparently just been taken off.

Such a chance of repairing his omission was too good to be lost. To work went John Skimmer's ready "scop," and he had just succeeded in watering his whole stock of milk most satisfactorily, when he heard a voice addressing him from the steps of the front door overhead, which startled him, as well it might, for it was that of the noble earl to whom the house belonged.

"Are you quite sure you've put in enough water, my man?" asked his lordship, eyeing him with a grim smile.

"Oh, my lord, my lord!" stammered poor John, petrified at finding himself so completely caught.

"Say, it's no business of mine," remarked the earl very quietly; "but, if I had been you, I would have chosen some other task than that. My doctor has ordered me a course of sea-water baths, and it happens that you have just taken the trouble to mix all your milk with salt water."—*Yankee Blade*.

IN THE SOUTH LAND

"The Man of Destiny," Who Could Be

DICTATOR OF A VAST COUNTRY

Peace in Brazil With Peixoto in the Presidency—Party Lines Not Yet Well Formed.

"Party lines are defined by the personal ambitions of leaders, and patriotic adherence to an individual's not to a country's cause."

This from the lips of a South American consul general was to me the effective point of a rather long discourse on political conditions in South American republics. But on investigation I found it untrue with reference to at least one South American state—Brazil. There the overthrow of the empire and the downfall of Fonseca showed a patriotism above that which each year inspires the inauguration of new revolutions in that part of the world.

"Our republic is too new," said the retiring consul general, A. T. de Macedo, of Brazil, "for distinct party lines. As yet we are all republicans, who believe first and above all things in the maintenance of the free government we have established. By the end of Dr. Peixoto's term, which has yet three years to run, I imagine we will have strongly outlined parties. Now we have, as you have here, the republicans and democrats. But perhaps the term federalists would answer better for republicans. With us, too, these federalists stand for more centralization of power, while the democrats are for a greater degree of state rights. The priest has no political importance in Brazil, for with us there is no clerical party, as in some of the other South American republics. There is a personage in Brazil known as Monsignor Brito. He is a man of vast and varied attainments and an individual of really remarkable influence. But still with all his oratorical power, with all his personal magnetism, he has been unable to perfect what might be termed a clerical party. As to free trade and protection? In Brazil that is a question which never bothers the voters. It is out of the range of our so-called popular politics."

"Are the minor Brazilian revolutions the result of a monarchical faction?"

"No, indeed. To begin with, every Brazilian street riot is dignified here with the title 'revolution.' Yet they are simply the efforts of local politicians to secure a foothold in local or state offices. There is really no monarchical party left in Brazil, not even the semblance of one."

The news from Venezuela seems to show a constant change in the situation. At the consulate it is only the side of Palacazo and Villegas that can be gleaned, and that in its fullness. Concerning Gen. Crespo, only the bits of interest words are spoken.

Venezuelans are, however, typical in their adherence to individuals. The party of the people was that which Palacazo claimed to represent, and that of congress is supposed to find a typical leader in Crespo. The political situation was summed up to me as follows by the consul general:

"Dr. Palacazo was the constitutional president elected by the liberals. His term ended February 20 last. Previous to this the constitution had been amended so that the president and vice president were to be elected by popular vote instead of by congress. Congress met, and the demand of the people for an immediate enforcement of the amendment was made. Palacazo expressed himself in perfect accord with this sentiment, but Crespo, who was to have been chosen as executive by congress, secured a slight majority and Palacazo was forced to dissolve that body. Then quickly upon Senator Crespo's charge that Palacazo was a usurper came the revolution. Four months of bitter war found Crespo badly beaten. Still, to destroy all pretext of a continuance of the revolution, Palacazo laid down his office and turned it over to the vice president, Villegas. The latter issued the call for congress to meet and made a number of very liberal proposals to Crespo, all of which the latter not alone ignored, but added insult to injury by refusing even to meet the commission. Now Crespo's generals have deserted him and are supporting Villegas in the restoration of peace. Crespo is a fugitive."

The day after this lucid explanation I noticed that Crespo was marching on Caracas and would enter the capital within a week. Palacazo is in Paris, where he is said to be living in fine style on an income from \$15,000,000. Nor have Crespo's generals deserted him. Peru furnishes another instance of party lines based on individual ambition. Here the so-called military party, the party of ex-President Caesars, is in control. The present executive is Gen. Remigio Morales Bermudez. Consul General Ovarria defined the position in Peru as the "civil" and the "military." The latter is in principle like the republican party here, while the "civil" is a somewhat conservative section. Still from all that the consul general

must have their sea legs. "I tell you it requires a good deal of practice to be able to stand in the cab of a rapid-running passenger train and fire the coal into the boiler," said an employe, in speaking of the risks run by trainmen. "The engine rocks, sways and fairly jumps at times under its feet, and if the fireman doesn't mind his p's and q's he is liable to lose his balance and be flung from the rapid-gaited train. This is more especially the case in rounding a curve. There, if the balance is lost, the fireman may be hurled from the train. I remember a case in point which happened a comparatively short time ago on the Fort Wayne. A fireman was flung from his engine one dark night as the train was rushing along. Of course, he was soon missed and a search made. He was found and, wonderful to say, was not seriously injured."—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

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RIGS OF THE SWELL

How the Vanderbilts Enjoy a Summer at Bar Harbor.

FASHION IN FINE WAGONS

Phaetons—The Greeting Party Sui Generis—The Vanderbilt Buckboard and Other Turnouts.

If there is a pleasure in the world it is that of bowling along a good road at the mercy of champing steeds. It might be worth mentioning that those of the fashionable world who take life easily usually own stables replete with the best horses that money can buy. Once, to own a good family coach, a lady's vehicle and the wagon for general service, meant that one was wealthy. Now unless there is a coach, a wagonette, a surrey, a surreyette, a phaeton, a brougham and a tally-ho coach the master of a summer estate feels himself indeed "not on fashion's list."

It is plain to see that the Anglo-Saxon idea of becoming "horsey," just as soon as the buds begin to bloom and the verdure takes on its coat of green, has permeated the minds and habits of our American aristocrats, and now there is not a wealthy villa owner in the country who does not pay as much attention to his stable and his horses as to his drawing room and the costly bric-a-brac therein.

There are some resorts where driving seems second nature to the summer arrivals; where bathing is a secondary pleasure and social gatherings consist principally of driving parties, mountain excursions on buckboards or phaetons, lake picnics, straw rides and moonlight coaching tours.

Bar Harbor is just this sort of a pleasure retreat, where, as the duchess of Marlborough, who was here last year, remarked, "One seems to live wholly in one's carriage."

The past and gone French noblesse, who loved nothing better than to be drawn through the boulevards in their grand turnouts and hold receptions all the while, sitting in state in their gorgeous equipages, would have been perfectly content to have been transplanted from their beloved France to Bar Harbor, where this odd fact seems to have become a popular custom.

It is an everyday occurrence for Mrs. Burton Harrison, of "Villa Sea Urchins," the famous author and New York society leader, to be seen on Mount Desert avenue, the Ocean Drive or the Corniche Maud, seated in her bamboo basket phaeton, drawn by a span of coal-black steeds, completely surrounded by a parade of beautiful turnouts, whose occupants chatter, chatter, chatter to each other, and Mrs. Harrison in particular, until the new arrivals look in vain for a "fire," a "right," or some sort of an exciting accident, only to be informed that it is the habit of the rusticators to stop at the forks in the roadway and hold these little "greeting parties."

Of course the visitor wonders, and why shouldn't he, for who ever heard of such a thing anywhere else? But then ex-Secretary Blaine explained away all this when he said: "There is but one Bar Harbor."

How much the best society people believe this is proven by the fact they are in to get away from their city homes and quicken to its shores at the first turn of the July sunbeam.

For stables of thoroughbreds it is safe to say the Vanderbilts, the Shermans, the McKimms, of Detroit; the Garmons, of New York; the Murphys, of Baltimore; the Morrises of New Orleans; the Barnays, of Washington; the Armours, of Chicago, and the Cushings, of Boston, take the lead.

Mr. George Vanderbilt, the lord of Point d'Ardeide, the Bar Harbor home of the Vanderbilts, is a lover of fine horses. He does not love them from only an æsthetic standpoint, either; as is the case with most social millionaires; he loves them for the speed that is in them, and he chases a horse that can never be ridiculed for his stylish habit. This information is given because all this information is given because here or nearly all of the social spots here are a conglomerate of decked-out halting gigs, shaded heads, fat bodies, silver-hammered harness who amn, but decorated machines, created only for show. One can hardly see that there is anything of the horse about

them, they are so encased in their dress of fashion. The broad three-horned harness, the fringed reins, the enormous bit success in completely hiding the features and form of the horse, and it might really be taken for a camel, with the many lamps and buttons of gaudy embellishment.

But George Vanderbilt has a light oak gig, which is generally out on a nickel spring body with rustling deep spider web when it is long distance away from the mountain side. He has also a bird-eye maple surrey. For fear you don't know what a surrey is, I will tell you. It is manufactured after the fashion of a buckboard, being made up of a seat built on a long flat body underneath which is a spring that lightens the weight, and gives an easy swaying motion. There is an awkwardness about the appearance of a surrey, but nothing can beat it for clear, show comfort.

Mr. Vanderbilt's tandem is the pride of the village. He drives in this, when on his best behavior and in company

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